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CAPTAIN ROSS'S EXPEDITION.

In our last *Gazette* we mentioned the "return of Captain Ross," and all the particulars connected with an event so interesting; anxiously adding a note to intimate the extreme concern felt at our latest hour, that no certain intelligence had been received of his safety. The next day, that of our publication, dissipated every fear; and the *Hull Rockingham* newspaper, giving an account of the landing of our almost-despaired-of adventurers, was one of the most welcome provincial Journals which has come to London for a long while. To be historical, we ought to quote its account; but as words are less important than facts, we shall venture greatly to abridge its columns, as well as after-publications. Suffice it to state, that on Friday morning, Captain Ross, Commander Ross, Mr. Thom the naturalist, and Mr. McDiarmid the surgeon, arrived at Hull in a steam-packet from Rotterdam, whither they had been carried by the *Isabella*, Captain Humphreys—the vessel which rescued them from the icy world, and which, curious coincidence! was the very ship in which Captain Ross made his first voyage of discovery in 1818. The Mansion House, and all the corporate authorities, and other public bodies, warmly greeted the happily restored voyagers: a dinner was given, speeches made, and every testimony of gratulation on one hand, and gratitude on the other, afforded.

The next newspaper containing any account was the *Hull Advertiser*, which gave a pretty correct outline of the voyage. It recorded that Captain Ross sailed in 1829 [May], but mistated his object, which was not so much to "determine a new passage said to exist, particularly, by Prince Regent's Inlet;" but, *bonâ fide*, to set himself right with the country, and prove that what he had asserted in his former Narrative was right, and the opinions of Captain Parry, certain reviewers, and others, were erroneous. Every body who knows any thing of the matter, is aware that Captain Ross deeply felt that his statements were impeached as ideal and too hastily formed, and that his sensitive mind revolted so strongly against the imputation, that he was resolute to risk fortune and life, if possible, upon the duty of corroborating his own views. Meeting a friend in Mr. Felix Booth, he was enabled to put the matter to the test; and he set forth accordingly, placing, truly, his ALL upon the hazard.

The *Advertiser* proceeds to detail the circumstances of the (we know not what to call it—almost stationary) voyage of four years, in a way which would induce us to copy it, were it not that a more authentic, though less intelligible, narrative under the signature of Captain Ross himself has been communicated to the newspapers through the Admiralty and Lloyd's.

Perhaps it will not displease our readers to have this letter reduced to its elements, in order that they may the better understand what has

really been accomplished; what is supposed; and what may be anticipated. The happy return of our gallant countrymen has, we are sure, brought a more home and individual joy to millions of hearts than almost any circumstance of a public character at any time; and while we hail and fête them as brothers raised from death, it is only necessary to science not to be carried away by the impulse into hypothesis and exaggeration. To say the simple truth, we do not think that this dangerous experiment can have added much to our knowledge. We have no doubt that Commander James Ross must have some interesting magnetic, meteorological, and other observations to announce; but geography can be but little benefitted by the perambulations in a portion of a dreary and immense region, hardly extended to a greater distance than from London to York. We will see. But to the letter.

Having left the Thames in May 1829, Capt. Ross refitted in Greenland, (these are repetitions of what we have printed before, but for the sake of complete connexion,) and on the 13th of August reached the beach where the *Fury* was wrecked, called *Fury Beach*. Next morning he sailed southward down Prince Regent's Inlet, and in twenty-four hours made Cape Garry. Here commenced what was new; and it consisted in running down to lat. 72° north, and long. 94° west, which every common map will shew to be a progress of no great distance toward the western side of the inlet. "Here (says the letter, after noticing that the course was from ten to twenty fathoms water) we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days: at this place we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E.: owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious; yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70° north, in longitude 92° west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90°, took a decided westerly direction, while land, at the distance of forty miles to southward, was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named *Felix Harbour*."

Captain Ross's letter goes on to describe the operations of the next year, 1830, which seems the more important, as it appears either to have forgotten the year 1831 altogether, or to have merged it, confusedly, into some preceding or succeeding division of time! We abridge as we find it. In January 1830 they established "a friendly intercourse with a most interesting consociation of natives, who, being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers; from them we gradually

obtained the important information, that we had already seen the continent of America; that about forty miles to the S.W. there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and, accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land, fifteen miles in breadth; but, taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupied the valleys between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea coast to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th degree, or to 150 miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly. During the same journey he also surveyed thirty miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus, which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Oekuilles, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for thirty miles to the northward of our position."

We have marked some parts of this quotation in italics, in order to induce information on its, to us, unintelligible intelligence. A "consociation" of Esquimaux is a vile phrase; but let that pass. How could they, insulated by nature, &c. supply the "important information," that the voyagers had "seen the continent of America?" What, could these savages, whose language was ill-understood words and signs, instruct the inquirers in any important branch of science? Well, in April, Commander Ross set out to verify whether the guesses at what they tried to answer were right or wrong, and discovered an *isthmus*, not ill named "extraordinary," which is declared to "separate the two oceans" by five miles of land!!! The survey to the southward of this isthmus is not much more satisfactory; for by the best maps we have been able to consult, the distance from Cape Turnagain could not be less than 200, instead of 150 miles.

This loose mode of trusting to and repeating the ignorant, and necessarily imperfect native answers to their inquiries, and also of affirming exact points, has, we confess, caused us much disappointment in perusing Captain Ross's statement; and, therefore, we must doubt all the suppositions, at the close of the passage we have copied, about Repulse Bay, &c. The

geographical question in this quarter is nearly as strange now as it was ten years ago.

In the middle of November, the vessel, having been able to get four miles back again, was cut into a place of security, named "Sheriffs' Harbour" (not a sponging-house); and the "continent"? to the southward was called Boothia. The letter proceeds, of what date cannot be ascertained, A.D. 1831, as we have noticed, being utterly lost.

"The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the means of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages; but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a violence hitherto beyond record; the thermometer sunk to 92° below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10° below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, thirty miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying fifty miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and, by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree."

As far as this is explained, the assertion is a *non sequitur*. We do not see the alleged proof; and long to read a more comprehensive account of the surveys and tracing of coasts which are to demonstrate the fact.

In autumn (apparently) 1832, the vessel was got only fourteen miles farther north; and all hopes of saving her vanished. But we must leave the vague, ill-constructed letter to the sense of the public.

"This autumn we succeeded in getting the vessel only fourteen miles to the northward, and as we had not doubled the Eastern Cape, all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and put quite beyond possibility by another very severe winter; and having only provisions to last us to the 1st of June, 1833, dispositions were accordingly made to leave the ship in her present port, which (after her) was named Victory Harbour. Provisions and fuel being carried forward in the spring, we left the ship on the 29th of May, 1832, for Fury Beach, being the only chance left of saving our lives: owing to the very rugged nature of the ice, we were obliged to keep either upon or close to the land, making the circuit of every bay, thus increasing our distance of 200 miles by nearly one-half; and it was not until the 1st of July that we reached the beach, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue. A hut was speedily constructed, and the boats, three of which had been washed off the beach, but providentially driven on shore again, were repaired during this month; but the unusual heavy appearance of the ice afforded us no cheering prospect until the 1st of August, when in three boats we reached the ill-fated spot where the Fury was first driven on shore; and it was not until the 1st of September we reached Leopold South Island, now established to be the N.E. point of America, in lat. 73.56°, and lon. 90° west. From the summit of the lofty mountain on the promontory we could see Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, and Lancaster Sound, which presented one impenetrable mass of ice, just as I had seen it in 1818. Here we remained in a state of anxiety and suspense which may be easier imagined than described. All our attempts to push through were vain; at length, being forced by want of provisions, and the approach of a very severe winter, to return to Fury Beach, where alone there remained wherewith to sustain life, there we arrived on the 7th of October, after a most fatiguing and

laborious march, having been obliged to leave our boats at Batty Bay. Our habitation, which consisted of a frame of spars, thirty-two feet by sixteen feet, covered with canvass, was, during the month of Nov. enclosed, and the roof covered with snow, from four to seven feet thick, which being saturated with water when the temperature was 15° below zero, immediately took the consistency of ice, and thus we actually became the inhabitants of an iceberg during one of the most severe winters hitherto recorded; our sufferings, aggravated by want of bedding, clothing, and animal food, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter, was the only man who perished at this beach; but three others, besides one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only thirteen of our number were able to carry provisions in seven journeys of sixty-two miles each to Batty Bay. We left Fury Beach on the 8th of July, carrying with us three sick men, who were unable to walk; and in six days we reached the boats, where the sick daily recovered. Although the spring was mild, it was not until the 15th of August that we had any cheering prospect. A gale from the westward having suddenly opened a lane of water along shore, in two days we reached our former position, and from the mountain we had the satisfaction of seeing clear water almost directly across Prince Regent's Inlet, which we crossed on the 17th, and took shelter from a storm twelve miles to the eastward of Cape York. The next day, when the gale abated, we crossed Admiralty Inlet, and were detained six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th we crossed Navy Board Inlet, and on the following morning, to our inexpressible joy, we descried a ship in the offing, becalmed, which proved to be the *Isabella*, of Hull, the same ship which I commanded in 1818. At noon we reached her, when her enterprising commander, who had in vain searched for us in Prince Regent's Inlet, after giving us three cheers, received us with every demonstration of kindness and hospitality which humanity could dictate."

Upon the whole, it seems that excursions of some hundred and fifty miles about the southern extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet, have been all that could be achieved by our brave navigators. Whether that inlet communicates with the Fury and Hecla Straits, and Repulse and Hudson's Bay, is still a mystery; whether there is an isthmus partition, or a chain of sea and islands between the two oceans, is still undecided: and as for the north-east point of America having been determined, though likely enough, it could not be, under these uncertainties. There is yet two hundred miles toward Cape Turnagain to be made out; there is yet the coast between Captain Franklin and Captain Beechey to be ascertained; and there is even a considerable portion of Regent's Inlet itself, on the east, to be rescued from the shadows of doubt, and the probability of leading into another sea! We believe it to be a bay.

We have rather chosen to accompany this compendium with remarks, than to insert it drily without animadversion; because we are afraid that the natural exultation which every one feels at the almost resurrection of our long-enduring countrymen, may lapse into reaction when ungratified with commensurate scientific information.* Already we observe that too

* Captain Ross sums up all that has been done, by saying, that it consists in "The discovery of the Gulf of Boothia, the continent and isthmus of Boothia Felix, and a vast number of islands, rivers, and lakes; the un-

much of what must be conjectural, is assumed and predicated to be certain. "The true position of the magnetic pole," for instance, where it is said a British flag was planted, can hardly admit of demonstration. Are there many poles; or is there but one? Has Commander Ross ascertained?

But, without dwelling on these points, it may interest the general reader more to have a few farther anecdotes of the expedition, which have not been published.

Having found the boats, stores, and provisions of the Fury in excellent condition, though every trace of the vessel was lost—having, we presume, been carried off by the ice—the voyagers were in no want of fuel and necessities; the former being of immense consequence. When they latterly constructed their ice-tent, or hut, they crossed it over with ropes, so that the snow might be caught, and form their shelter from the severity of the cold. Yet the accommodation was so scant, that they were mostly obliged to sit during their long months of within-door winter; and at last, owing to the want of shoes and clothes, they could not move from their habitation. But the greatest sufferings were experienced in the journey of nearly three hundred miles (about ten miles a-day) back again to the Fury Beach. The poor fellows were dreadfully exhausted, and could only carry so short an allowance with them, that when they reached the preserved-meat-canisters of the Fury, it was with the utmost difficulty Capt. Ross could restrain them from excess. At other times, they had generally an arctic fox, at least, for their Sunday dinner; and, indeed, never suffered from scarcity of provisions.

The "iceberg," as Capt. Ross describes it in his letter, was humorously christened "Somerset House," as situated in the land called by Parry, North Somerset, and partly in compliment to the leader's warm friend, Sir Byam Martin, whose Somerset-house residence suggested the synonym, in remembrance of his kindness. To this distinguished individual, Capt. Ross (we are told) wrote a letter every Christmas, containing a history of their proceedings, and intended, if all had failed, to be enclosed in a bottle, and left with the chance of furnishing, at some future period, a memorial of their sufferings and fate. Happily the gallant captain was preserved to play the postman, and delivered these epistles, with his own hand, to the admiral on Sunday morning. In one of them he paints their Christmas fox (not goose) dinner, and tells his friend that his health is toasted in — water. The Expedition carried out very little spirits.

The natives, of whom they saw about a hundred, were, of course, denominated *Boothians*, from their country. They are represented as harmless and tractable; and when the account of the Expedition is published, (which we hear is to be done by Murray, edited by Mr. Barrow), the description of their habits, &c., and the philosophical observations of Commander Ross, must, we think, form its most attractive features.

On Saturday Captain Ross reached London, and took the Portland Hotel for his snow-house. On Sunday he visited the Admiralty; and then went to Windsor, with Commander Ross, to dine with the king. On Tuesday all

deniable establishment that the north-east point of America extends to the 74th degree of north latitude; valuable observations of every kind, but particularly of the magnet; and, to crown all, have had the honour of placing the illustrious name of our Most Gracious Sovereign William IV. on the true position of the magnetic pole."

† Quere, if a part of Cockburn Island? — Ed.

the crew mustered at the Admiralty, and excited much curiosity. They will be, in their spheres, the lions of the season; and the officers are already engaged to feast with the Lord Mayor, on his day, in November.

What public or royal favours are likely to mark this memorable occasion, we cannot say. Captain Ross speaks in the highest terms of his associates; but as the service was not official, but rather a private adventure, it will be difficult, perhaps, to manage this matter so as to satisfy expectation.* Captain Ross has a son about twelve years old, a fine boy, who must have abandoned the hope of being other than an orphan, which, if another season had passed without relief, it is most likely he would have been.

To Captain Back's expedition we certainly look for much more important geographical, if not also scientific information; and we rejoice to observe, that the Committee to whom the application of the fund was intrusted, have, as we intimated last week, sent off a despatch to him, to inform him of Captain Ross's return, and direct him to prosecute the ulterior researches connected with the original design. The messenger left on Tuesday, and may reach Montreal in six or seven weeks. He has then to travel (and his speed must depend on the season) to overtake Back before he starts from his winter quarters about April. It is a nice and interesting race; and we trust it will succeed, or that Indians in light canoes may be so soon after as to overtake the expedition. To be informed that the Great Fish River does not run towards Regent's Inlet, but probably to Back's River of Franklin, much farther to the west, would be of infinite consequence to him; as, instead of pursuing a course towards Fury Beach, in search of Ross, he would take up the survey from his western point, ascertained by him, to Cape Turnagain, and finish the coast in this direction. We consider it likely that Back would winter near Lake Cheesadawd, where there are good hunting-grounds, and good other hunting.

June 19.—The Expedition, in full health and activity, was at Norway House, Jack River, north end of Lake Winnipeg. It had reached Sault St. Marie ten days earlier than was expected; purchased another canoe, and crossed Lake Superior; but lost about 300 miles by the delay in hiring men. The plan advised for Back to proceed in a light canoe from where the two heavy boats wintered, and find the best route to Thloov-ee-cho, or Great Fish River, to which the boats might afterwards come from the Athabasca.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By John Galt. 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1833. Cochrane and McCrone.

THERE are some books quite out of the pale of criticism, and on whose merits judgment is mixed in many human and kindly feelings. Such is the case with the work now before us. These pages raise in our minds only one image; that of a man advanced in life, bowed

* We observe, by an advertisement, that the subscription for the outfit of a voyage by sea in search of Captain Ross, so long delayed as to be now rendered unnecessary, is about to be applied to the relief of the shipwrecked mariners who have lost their all, and remuneration of those instrumental to the preservation of their lives; and that additional subscriptions are solicited to increase the fund. We are not aware what the amount is, but we fear it is not great; as the proposal, coming in contact with the plan of sending out Captain Back, did not meet with very general encouragement.

The Morning Herald notices a remarkable voyage made into these parts so long ago as 1536, by a Spanish captain, Herrero de Maldonado; but the description is not very precise.

by disease, and harassed by embarrassments, in which a long, and industrious, and honourable career ought surely not to have terminated—and now craving from the public, what is indeed his right, a passing sympathy, and a brief encouragement—a little sunshine upon the shadow which even now falls over the grave. There is something mournfully affecting in age thus going back to the songs that were the delight of youth—the first steps, as it were, of the mind—since developed in rougher paths and more successful essays. The following poem is curiously indicative of that mystic and wild imaginativeness which singularly mingled with the quaint humour, Mr. Galt's peculiar characteristic:—

"A Reverie.

Strange fancies will at times molest,
Awake or when asleep;—
And did I dream a dream last night,
Or did I think to weep?
Methought the green and grassy earth
Was as a mortcloth black;
And all the sable skies above
Were streak'd with flaming wrack.
The sun shone like a coffin-plate,
That tells who sleeps below;
The stars were all as silver nails
That glitter in a row.
The trees, in that unrighteous scene,
Were as the hearse-plumes dead;
The streams ran ink—their falls were mute,
And all the world was dead.
Then one by one the lights were quenched,
And ancient night was come:
Lone silence settled dark o'er all,
And sound itself grew dumb.
The glimmering phantoms of the past
Seem'd things that were to be;
But, like the stars, my thoughts went out,
And light was gloom to me.
The steadfast earth, beneath my tread
Dissolving, passed away;
And through the vague, the void, and vast,
I wander'd wild astray.
Time was—a point dimensionless,
Existence ceas'd—a sigh;
In all the boundless space around
There was but God and I."

He tells an odd anecdote of forgetfulness:—

"The 'Hermit Peter' was printed in a kind of epic called 'The Crusade,' which, in my Autobiography, I forgot to mention, as the composition of it has long since been abandoned. By the way, this same omission ought to be noticed; for, although the world is apt to forget epics, I am not aware that the authors of them often do; and, therefore, I consider myself really entitled to take precedence in this respect above Homer and Milton, especially as there is no proof that either of these gentlemen ever forgot theirs. I was vain of myself before, for being within a hundred yards of the Falls of Niagara, without going to see them; but the total occultation in my memory of 'The Crusade' makes me undoubtedly unique. I shall now be distinguished as the man who wrote an epic poem, which even he himself forgot."

Perhaps the most remarkable pages in this volume are the last three. They present a list of Mr. Galt's various productions, upwards of sixty in number, many in three volumes, and including almost every species of literary effort—pamphlet, farce, novel, history, tragedy, &c. Surely a collection of some of the most popular would receive due attention: suppose, as a security against risk, and an inducement to many who might not otherwise think of purchasing, they were to be published by subscription.

Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, during the Years 1830, 31, 32, & 33. By Lieut. Breton, R.N. 8vo. pp. 476. London, 1833. Bentley.

A VERY unpretending volume, which, nevertheless, in an excursive and amusing form,

supplies a great deal of useful information respecting these countries; and, what we consider a still higher recommendation where the emigrant is concerned, obviously written with a pure regard to the truth, and having no object to serve, and consequently to warp the judgment of the author. Where he did not make personal observations, Lieut. Breton ingeniously refers us to the sources from which his statements are derived; so that altogether we have not seen a work, upon the subject, of greater probity, intelligence, and value.

We are not inclined to discuss the points which affect emigration; the qualities of lands, the prices of provisions, the rates of wages, climate, convict labour, &c. &c. Suffice it to say, that Van Diemen's Land is held to be in many respects superior to New South Wales, or, in more modern nomenclature, that Lieut. Breton prefers Tasmani to Australia. His reasons are fairly stated; and if he is not absolutely right himself, we are sure that he sets us right touching many contradictions which have been made public by prejudiced parties, or by those who had purposes to serve by encouraging settlements where their interests prevailed.

Our task will lie more among the miscellaneous novelties and varieties which we find scattered through these pages; but we must, *en passant*, exhibit some of the opposition accounts to which we have alluded. On arriving at the Swan River, the author says:—

"It was not a little curious to observe the incipient town during the first few months after its commencement. Tents and huts in every variety; goods of all descriptions scattered about in disorder; the emigrants employed, some in cooking their provisions, and others in sauntering about, or landing their effects; many looking very miserable, and not a few equally happy; different kinds of animals, just landed, and shewing evidently how much they must have suffered during so long a voyage; such was the scene I witnessed on landing at the spot on which the future principal sea-port of Western Australia was to stand."

And he adds: "Subsequent to writing this I have been informed, by one gentleman, that there were five hundred houses at Freemantle; and, by another, that the number was very small; yet both had recently been there!"

"At the entrance of the Swan, which is close to Freemantle, there is a bar on which the depth of water does not exceed six or seven feet; and often, even when the wind is moderate, the passage over it is not a little hazardous. From thence to Perth the distance is about nine miles, and the navigation is rather impeded by shoals, which, in some places, extend nearly across the river."

"A mile or two above Perth there are several islands; and the river, at this spot, was so shallow, that we were obliged to get out of our boat and drag or lift it through the mud for some distance; after which, we found ourselves again in deep water, and it soon became fresh. From this part of the river, to a distance, as well as we could judge, of twenty-five or thirty miles above Perth—that is to say, as far as we could proceed in a boat, the scenery was frequently of a beautiful description, and the banks, in many places, were composed of a rich alluvial soil, covered with excellent grass. Unfortunately, the good soil was rarely found to extend more than half a mile from the river, and often not more than fifty or a hundred yards. The land, to a greater distance, may be capable of cultivation, but we lost sight of

the black mould, and observed beyond it sand and ironstone. In some parts, the country was thickly clothed with forest, but in others it had the appearance of a fine park, in which scarcely a tree was to be seen that one would think it necessary to destroy. It has been confidently asserted that the land is generally so scantily wooded that there are not more than two trees to the acre! Nothing can be more absurd; for it is only here and there that such is the case, the country being more commonly what is denominated 'open forest,' with spots where the trees are very close together."

Further on, after shewing that it is imprudent to carry out apprentices, Lieut. B. tells us—

"The preceding notes are extracted from my journal; and I have in addition collected the latest intelligence in my power, touching the progress of the colony, but it is not of a satisfactory nature. Conflicting statements still exist, and to such a degree as almost to render it impossible to give any correct information relative to the present condition of the place. Several of those who formerly spoke and wrote of it in the highest terms of admiration, have, notwithstanding, gone on to New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land. A writer observes, in a recent publication, 'As a proof that the accounts of the scarcity are false, I neither heard nor dreamt of any want during my stay there of two months; for I bought fresh butter at 4s. 6d. per pound; potatoes at 9d., and vegetables at the same scale of price!' How this can be adduced as a proof of the abundance of provisions (such was the case in the work alluded to), I am at a loss to discover. I am greatly pleased to find that not a few of the emigrants who remained are perfectly contented and happy, and hope soon to hear that the colony is in a far more thriving state than is generally supposed. Other settlements have been formed along the coast to the southward, but I know not with what success. It is a prevalent opinion that the seat of government ought to have been at King George's Sound, where there is a plentiful supply of water, and good soil in the interior, with a safe harbour. Some persons have said that it is not even now too late to select a more eligible spot for the capital; but what would the colonists at Perth say to a change that would so depreciate their property, as to render it, comparatively speaking, of scarcely any value? Swan River is a proof amongst many, how cautious people in England ought to be in believing all that is written respecting Australia, and particularly where they observe that inclination to hyperbole or exaggeration, which is so often found in the productions of those who purpose to describe that vast island. One writer says he has been in Switzerland, in South America, and in other regions, without having seen any thing equal to the tract of country between Swan River and King George's Sound; and another makes the same remark in New South Wales. I cannot say I was able to discover the most distant resemblance (if I except the descent into Illawarra) between any part of New Holland that I have visited, and Switzerland or South America. The aspect of the country is totally different, so is the vegetation; the mountains are mere mole-hills, compared with those of the other two countries; and the absence of water in the landscape would alone cause a material difference. Besides, how is it possible to form a comparison between the beautiful valleys of Switzerland—strewed as they are with cottages, vineyards, fields and gardens, watered by noble rivers, or innumerable streams that descend in cascades from the rocks, and diversified by mag-

nificent lakes, which reflect every object around them—and the generally cheerless valleys of New Holland; or between the sublime mountains of the former—the summits, often the craggy and precipitous sides, of which are covered by eternal snow and ice—and the uniformly monotonous hills (the most lofty known is little more than a third of the height of Mount Blanc) of the latter? The great plains of New Holland most probably resemble the Savannahs of America; and any farther comment on this part of the comparison would be superfluous; nor should I have alluded to the subject except to guard any one in England from placing too implicit a confidence in the absurdities penned in Australia. If activity, perseverance, and urbanity, on the part of a governor, conduce to promote the prosperity of a colony, that at Swan River ought to succeed; but whether it will or not, time alone can prove."

Our traveller proceeded to Sydney, and made extensive excursions into the interior on that side in many directions. Here we find the following:—

"In the vicinity of Lake George, to the south-west of Sydney, there is land that is not taken; with the disadvantage, however, of being upwards of 150 miles inland; so that the expense of carriage, which is considerable, would annually absorb a large sum; and nothing would remunerate the farmer except wool and tobacco. By employing his own drays he could save very little, and perhaps nothing. Beyond the lake is the river Morumbidgee, which, after flowing some distance, falls into the Murray; and the last, after a course of several hundred miles, empties itself into a lake near Encounter Bay. Much of what has been said concerning these two rivers is extremely difficult to comprehend; for instance, they are said to be navigable at least one thousand miles; but if this be true, how is it that the boat in which a late expedition descended them was twice stove, and frequently in great danger from sunken trees, rocks, and sand-banks, &c. &c.? If the Murray be really the noble stream it has been represented to be, it appears strange that a whale-boat was unable to proceed on it, without encountering such perils that the skiff, which was towing astern, was once actually sunk by coming in contact with a log! And, again, how are we to understand the account which represents the lake to be from fifty to sixty miles in length, and thirty or forty miles in breadth, with a medium depth of only four feet? Would not even a moderate gale convert the whole of its waters into an expanse of breakers? Behind Cape Jervis there is a tract of country bounded on the west by the Gulf of St. Vincent, and by Lake Alexandrina and the sandy space which separates the latter from the sea on the east. This tract is said, in the same account, to include a space seventy-five miles in length, and fifty-five miles wide, and to occupy a surface of upwards of seven millions of acres, of which five millions consist of rich soil, whereon no scrub is found; and is accessible through a level country on the one side, and by water on the other!! Now the above would comprise only 4125 square miles, or 2,640,000 acres! I presume, therefore, that there must be some mistake. The lake is immediately to the eastward of Gulf St. Vincent, extends to the shore of Encounter Bay, and has no available communication with the sea. There is much vacant land on the banks of the Morumbidgee, and there are some few settlers, with stock-stations, at a distance of nearly 300 miles from Sydney."

In one of the "bushes," the author describes an enormous tree:—

"It is known by the title of the great fig, but it no more resembles a fig than it does an oak. The form of the trunk is triangular, the side facing the south-east being eighteen feet in width; that to the north nineteen feet and a half; and that to the west, twenty-two feet and a half; total, sixty feet. This measurement is rather under than above the truth. The trunk does not rise more than perhaps thirty feet before it separates into branches of such magnitude as to equal trees of considerable size. Will it be credited that the former owner of the farm had actually commenced felling this 'giant of the forest?' This was positively the case, and he was only prevented from fulfilling his intention by the remonstrance of the settlers around."

A few more selected notes of natural history, and anecdotes of the aborigines, &c. will amuse our readers. In the Straits it appears that poisonous snakes frequently swim about:—

"While a Newfoundland dog was amusing itself with swimming round the ship during a calm, a snake, eight or nine feet in length, approached and bit the animal, which was immediately taken on board, but only survived a few hours."

"At Swan River, the natives are extremely inimical to the Europeans, and have murdered several persons, besides destroying a great number of sheep. When I was there soon after the formation of the settlement, we found them friendly and quiet, nor did I hear of a single act of aggression on their part; the only way therefore of accounting for the bad feeling which now exists between them and the settlers, is by supposing they must have been ill-used, or that some misunderstanding has taken place. Of their customs, not much appeared to be known: one, however, is singular, as it prevails on the east coast upwards of 2000 miles distant. They invariably destroy an individual of a neighbouring tribe whenever one of their own tribe has paid the debt of nature! This has been attributed to an absurd tradition, that Providence has decreed the final destruction or extinction of all the people in this part of New Holland; as if we have any right to suppose Providence capable of an act of such absolute supererogation as that of creating a race of human beings merely to destroy them. Those I saw were naked, and some of them painted; and their disfiguring themselves by thrusting a bone through the septum of the nose, and adorning their heads with feathers, is a practice which I understand prevails along the whole western coast: on the eastern it is very common."

"At Shoal Haven River (on the eastern coast) there occurred, some years since, so curious an instance of superstition, that it may be worthy of mention. Three natives persuaded a convict servant to accompany them in search of cedar, an ornamental and useful wood that is found in this part of the country. The man, naturally expecting no treachery was intended, as he, in common with others, had been accustomed to such expeditions, set off with them without hesitation—for the blacks, being much better acquainted with the localities, save both time and trouble to those who have occasion to penetrate into the 'bush.' The guides, watching a favourable opportunity, pushed him over a precipice, and he was killed upon the spot. One of them then cut out his tongue, and ate it, in the supposition that as he had eaten the tongue of a white man, he would in consequence be enabled to speak English! According to Marco Polo, the Tartars had a custom, that when a

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stranger of good appearance happened to lodge with them, they used to kill him in the night, believing that the good qualities of the murdered person would afterwards devolve to the inhabitants of the house!"

(To be continued.)

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1834. Travelling Sketches on the Sea-Coasts of France. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 12mo. pp. 256. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Rittner and Goupill; Berlin, Asher.

In former times "an agreeable companion in a post-chaise" was so rare, that people about to travel advertised for one: now, on the contrary, these agreeable companions advertise themselves. Among them we know none more agreeable than the beautiful volume before us; and we only wish that we could this moment start with it in our hands, and visit Dieppe, Caen, Barfleur, Cherbourg, St. Malo, Mont-St. Michael, and the other places on the French coast, the scenery of which, (aided by Stanfield's delineations,) Mr. Ritchie has so graphically described, and many of the domestic usages and historical chronicles of which he has so entertainingly related. In going through the book we marked so many passages as worthy of extract, that we find we must content ourselves with transcribing less than a tithe of them. We begin with an animated, and, as we can testify, a faithful little picture of the putting to sea of a fleet of Dieppe fishing-boats.

"If the wind, as you enter the port, is tolerably favourable for leaving it, you will probably meet with a long line of these fishing craft driving out of the embouchure into the sea. The men lie lazily along the beams, dressed in red caps, blue or brown jackets, and little petticoats resembling loose small-clothes; while their vessel is dragged along by the women, singing in chorus, and keeping time with head and foot as they perform a kind of running march to the end of the pier. Here they throw the rope off their shoulders with a shrill shout, and stand for an instant to gaze after their husbands and brothers. These no sooner feel that they are fairly launched than they start from their posture of lordly ease. It is then their turn. They fling out their immense mainsail to the wind, seize the trembling helm, and the little vessel, apparently empty even of ballast, goes dancing forth upon the waves."

The following is an account of a religious absurdity of ancient days:—

"The church of St. Jacques (at Dieppe) is a gloomy and venerable edifice, with a good deal to interest the local antiquary. This was, for many a day, the scene of a religious farce, which seems to have taken the place of the still more ancient mysteries. It was called the ceremony of the *Confrérie de la mi-Août*, and was performed every year on the fifteenth of that month. A young girl of the place—the prettiest and most demure, no doubt, in all Dieppe—sustained the character of the Holy Virgin, and was carried to the church, amidst the lamentations of the inhabitants, laid out in a bier. As the procession entered the door, and passed along the nave, the service of the mass begun; and, when this was about half-way, something was observed to stir on the glory which hung suspended from the vault of the choir, and which now seemed agitated by the lofty swell of the music proclaiming to the worshippers the actual presence of their God. Two small, white, spectral forms detached themselves from the glory, which now swung free under the vault; and, as they descended in that dim religious light, it was seen that

they were angels—of pasteboard. They hovered above the tomb of the virgin, and straightway the virgin arose—not, alas! the lovely Dieppais, who was scarcely yet fledged for heaven, but a locum tenens like herself, a shadow of a shade, formed of silk and paper, that was carried away into the bosom of celestial glory, and delivered into the arms of an old man with a white beard, the representation of God the Father. At this period of the mystery, the expectation of the people seemed to be wrought up to the very highest. A loud and greedy murmur ran through the crowd, resembling the sound by which the refined audience of an English theatre express their desire that the music should commence. At length, another stir took place below; and the holiness of the place and of the spectacle was not enough to repress the genuine plaudits with which was hailed the appearance of a being whose nature we know not, but whose name was Grimpe-salais. Awakened from the dead at the intercession of the Virgin, he sprang to his feet, and stared around. Then, as the nature of the miracle broke upon his senses, delivering himself up to transports of joy, he leaped, danced, clapped his hands, and finally climbed up, by the ornaments of the choir, till he reached the glory at the top, where he jumped one moment upon the shoulders of the Eternal Father, and the next peeped down upon the people from between his legs. The holy rapture of the spectators was unbounded. They belloyed with admiration; and the ceremony concluded with shouts of laughter, and cries of 'Well done, Grimpe-salais!' This singular ceremony, it is said, continued to be performed till the bombardment of Dieppe by the English, in 1694, when the machinery of the piece was burnt."

There is quite as much good sense as drollery in Mr. Ritchie's proposed mode of selecting a travelling tutor for a young man of rank or fortune:—

"The way to choose is to take hold of your man, and set him down at your dinner-table. If he can satisfy his hunger without attracting the attention of your servants, and imbibe his full share of wine without getting tipsy, or making mouths at it—this looks well. Then hear him talk; and if he knows what every body is saying, and has some tolerable notions of his own on every subject, which he neither obtrudes nor conceals—then up with him to the drawing-room. If, among the ladies, he is neither a bear nor a puppy; if he neither stares at your wife, nor broods skulkingly over his coffee-cup; if his manner softens unconsciously; if he speaks freely and yet delicately, and listens, when a woman talks, with unaffected attention, and a manly respect—he will almost certainly do. Then try him with the tongues. If he understands little of the vehicle, but much of what he has learned through its means—if he can cite thoughts or passages without remembering books or pages; if he has a taste and a feeling for classical beauty; if he remembers, with youthful delight, the time when antiquity opened a new existence to his soul, and is able to separate that era from the one in which he was flogged by Dr. Parr; if, in fine, he looks upon travelling as a luxury for the heart and mind, rather than as a task for the memory—that is your man!"

We fear the following character is but too faithful:—

"Taking leave of the venerable abbey (of Fécamp), we strolled down to the port; and, while passing through one of the narrow streets, our eyes were greeted with these well-

known English words on one of the houses: 'Boarding School for Young Ladies.' We had more than half a mind to go in—nay, one hand was actually on the knocker—but we hesitated; we remembered that the people, although of our own country, were English, and so we passed on. Suppose we had gone in. Suppose we had said, 'I am an Englishman—I could not deny myself the pleasure of speaking and hearing a few words in my own language as I passed by—how do you do?—how do you like Fécamp?—do you regret England?—are you happy?—good bye—God bless you!'—where would have been the harm? Why should they have been surprised? Why should they have looked (as they would have looked) surly, or distant, or displeased? Good heaven! what an agreeable world we might make this to one another if we chose!"

The booksellers of England and France are thus contrasted:—Mr. Ritchie has been speaking of M. Chapelle, an intelligent bookseller at Havre:—

"In England, if you inquire for a book, the master, the shopman, or even the apprentice is, generally speaking, well acquainted with its title, size, and price, or possesses the means of ascertaining what is requisite in an instant. If it is included in his stock, he can lay his hand upon it at once; and, if not, he can tell you the precise day and hour when it shall be sent to you. All this is admirable: but if the inquirer demands, further, what is the nature and literary value of the book,—what are the adversaries or adherents of the theory it contains,—what is the best course of study to be pursued on the subject,—he will find, in nineteen cases out of twenty, that he is addressing himself to a tradesman whose article of barter is not the literature, but the paper, print, and binding of the book. In France, on the contrary, the bookseller, in nineteen cases out of twenty, either is, or affects to be, a literary man. He has not the book in question, it is true, nor does he know where to get it, nor, if he has it, can he readily discover where, nor, if uncertain, is he disposed, at the moment you speak to him, to take the trouble of searching. He cannot name the price, nor the size, nor the printer, nor the publisher—but then he is a literary man. That there are booksellers, both in France and England, who, like M. Chapelle, are both men of business and literary men, we, of course, know very well; but this is their relative character *en masse*. Every thing, however, is on the movement. In England the booksellers, partaking insensibly of the spirit of the age, are daily becoming better informed; while in France the general tide of knowledge has almost reached their standard, and the booksellers, less literary (since all things go by comparison), are mere men of business."

We would willingly quote "The Black Chapter," but it is too long for our purpose. We proceed to a very lively passage:—

"The mode of describing a beauty is now reduced to a system; and we do not see why rules should not be laid down as accurate as those of any other science. The comparative mode, for instance, may be divided into three, embracing the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdom. In the first, which is the richest, we catalogue our mistress's charms as if we were making out a jeweller's bill, namely, 1. A pair of diamond eyes; 2. One thick and one thin ruby or coral lip; 3. A double row of pearl teeth; 4. A quantity of golden hair; 5. A complete set of silver tones. In the vegetable fashion, the complexion is of

roses and lillies; the eyes are violets or sloes; the hair chestnut; the lips carnations; the teeth snow-drops. In the animal, or zoological style, our mistress's hair becomes an eagle's or a raven's plume; her eyes are those of the dove or the antelope; and her teeth a flock of sheep."

The history of Monsieur Cabieux, though perhaps somewhat long for a miscellaneous work, is full of interest; the discovery of Prince William, son of Henry I. is well told; and the description of the extraordinary and celebrated fortress of Mont-Saint-Michael is admirable. But we have more than reached our limits, and must refer our readers to the volume; in which, as we have already intimated, they will find much that will delight them. Of the plates, notice is taken in another part of our publication.

Tom Cringle's Log. 2 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1833, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THIS is a book of great and original power, and of an interest as varied as its chapters. It is the work of a person of fervid imagination; yet possesses all the charms of an autobiography, as its pictures are evidently copied from life and nature. Nothing can be more graphic than some of its details—they bear all the impress of reality, of that undefinable something, which fancy, however strongly it may attempt to imitate, cannot succeed in reaching; and in power of delineating the deeper as well as the finer workings of the human spirit, few of our contemporaries equal the anonymous author of *Tom Cringle*. Would, however, we could say that his *Log* is free from blemishes!—it is not so. Yet, although these are not of a kind greatly to impair our pleasure in the perusal of the narrative, they are such as should have been avoided, and could easily have been so; for half-a-dozen rather broad allusions and coarsenesses of expression fined down, and half-a-dozen pages of sentimental soliloquising omitted, are all that at present strike us as wanting to render it one of the most delightful companions, either for the voyage, the garden saunter, or the chimney corner.

Most of our readers are aware that *Tom Cringle's Log* has, for the last year or two, been appearing piecemeal in *Blackwood's Magazine*, where the interest it excited has been such as to induce its publication in a separate form. The portions first given of it were short and fragmentary, yet full of that wild adventure and graphic power which form the most distinguishing characteristics of the latter and more elaborate chapters. They were evidently feathers thrown up into the air, to see how the wind of popular favour was likely to blow; and finding that they had caught the current, and were buoyantly floated along on it, the author buckled himself more strenuously to his task, and, month after month, poured out his hoarded treasures of sea-adventure, until, in their now collected form, they swell out into two handsome duodecimos.

In their present shape we are happy to observe that the arrangement has been much improved. *Tom's* early *Log*, after being taken a mere boy from home to commence a seafaring life, which in the *Magazine* was introduced in the form of a dialogue between the writer and his friend Aaron Bang—a wheel within a wheel—towards the end of his *Journal*, has been properly transposed to the commencement of the book, where, in point of time, it ought to stand; and saves us from the circumlocutions

and interruptions which formerly broke the interesting clue of its narrative.

Passing over the parting of *Tom* and his mother, and the well-described breaking up of the thousand Lilliputian threads that tie the heart to home, we come to an admirably described voyage in a fog through the North Sea, with its fisher-boats with their constantly tinkling bells, and the marines with their shag jackets, shirts of stocking-net, fear-naught trousers, and long greasy *liquoured* boots, gliding past in the half-darkness, like the phantasmagoria of a dream. The scenes of military adventure at Cuxhaven and Hamburg are spirit-stirring in the extreme, as well as the share taken in them by our hero; but these, as well as the finely contrasting sketches of the *blumin gardens* of the Hamburgers, and of the persons of the fair ladies with whom *Tom* was, in the morning of sack and pillage, thrown into company, must be passed over, to bring us at once upon a quotation more characteristic of his pages. It is the capture of a pirate:—

"A line-of-battle ship led—and two frigates and three sloops of our class were stationed on the outskirts of the fleet, whipping them in, as it were. We made Madeira in fourteen days, looked in, but did not anchor; superb island—magnificent mountains—white town—and all very fine, but nothing particular happened for three weeks. One fine evening, (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes,) the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowling along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and as we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the commodore, who shewed a number of lights. 'What is that, Mr. Kennedy?' said the captain to the old gunner. 'The commodore has made the night-signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and close, sir.' We repeated the signal—and stood on hailing the dullest of the merchantmen in our neighbourhood to make more sail, and firing a musket-shot now and then over the more distant of them. By-and-by we saw a large West Indianman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows. 'Forward there!' sung out Mr. Splinter, 'stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boat-gun if he does not bear up. What can he be after? Serjeant Armstrong,'—to a marine, who was standing close by him in the waist—'get a musket, and fire over him.' It was done, and the ship immediately bore up on her course again; we now ranged alongside of him on his larboard quarter. 'Ho, the ship, ahoy!' 'Hillo!' was the reply. 'Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir, keep in the wake of the commodore?' No answer. 'What meant you by hauling your wind, just now, sir?' 'Yesh, yesh,' at length responded a voice from the merchantman. 'Something wrong here,' said Mr. Splinter. 'Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boat-swain's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly-boat.' We also hove to, and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer rattled out. 'Keep all fast, with the boat; I can't comprehend that chap's manoeuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove to.' Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. 'Why don't you heave to, sir?' All silent. Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of

struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; and a heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the main-yard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly—'We are captured by a ———.' A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard, told of some fearful deed. 'We are taken by a privateer or pirate,' sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain. By this time all hands had been called, and the word had been passed to clear away two of the foremost caronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape. 'On board there—get below, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape,' sung out the captain. The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind: we rounded to, under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenail, and myself, and sixteen men with cutlasses, went on board. We jumped on deck, and at the gangway, Mr. Treenail stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man: no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his scull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass-blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ring-bolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails. 'We have been surprised by a privateer schooner, sir; the lieutenant of her, and twelve men, are now in the cabin.' 'Where are the rest of the crew?' 'All secured in the forecabin, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard.' We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding-pikes. 'What vessel is that stern of us?' said Treenail to the mate. Before he could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the privateer shewed she was broad awake. Next moment Captain Deadeye hailed. 'Have you mastered the prize-crew, Mr. Treenail?' 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Then keep your course, and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen-peak during the night, and blue Peter at the maintop-sail yard-arm when the day breaks; I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake.' Another shot, and another, from the brig—the time between each flash and the report increasing with the distance. By this the lieutenant had descended to the cabin, followed by his people, while the merchant-crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet. I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels filled with crimson cloth, edged with gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate glass mirrors in the panels. In the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid grand piano, the silk in the open work above the keys corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels. It was open; a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in

them. tiful; it tree, th with go pine-ap abroad supper, fusion o but it glasses knives, about. West l there w But, al been th with h to us, hands mouth h to his up, whi clearly brain. though him ble all we o and dic looking their cl the mo held, st a row lamps were s was a high-b hair of besides arms f men, c atrocit mercy. men,— does; I may One o which were d low sil of blue the pe bullion their h made for th bloody but a ribly v crystal damask seized silence were one cr But, our e conces more a girl, h clothe and f hair l upper which from t fire of bering the n been

them. The rudder-case was particularly beautiful; it was a richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white, and interlaced with golden fretwork, like the lozenges of a pine-apple, while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof. The table was laid for supper, with cold meat, and wine, and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives, and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indiamen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stertorous breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain. He was a stout portly man; and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour. Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling; while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small, but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black, glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trousers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen,—tall, bushy-whiskered, sallow desperadoes; but still, wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hare-lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trousers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask table-cloth. They were immediately seized and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But, merciful Heaven! what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes disordered and torn, blood on her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long dark hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still been in the hands of those who knew not the

name; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a dead faint. Alas the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke, in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death. The Torch captured the schooner, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes to meet their reward; and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his majesty as impressed men in the second,—but scrip measure of justice to the poor ship's crew."

Having had a sea-fight, now for a short scene after one:—

"I was the mate of the watch; and, as day dawned, I had amused myself with other youngsters over the side, examining the shot-holes and other injuries sustained from the fire of the frigate, and contrasting the clean, sharp, well-defined apertures, made by the 24-pound shot from the long guns, with the bruised and splintered ones from the 32-pound carronades; but the men had begun to wash down the decks, and the first gush of clotted blood and water from the scuppers fairly turned me sick. I turned away, when Mr. Kennedy, our gunner, a good steady old Scotchman, with whom I was a bit of a favourite, came up to me—'Mr. Cringle, the captain has sent for you; poor Mr. Johnstone is fast going—he wants to see you.' I knew my young messmate had been wounded, for I had seen him carried below after the frigate's second broadside; but the excitement of a boy, who had seldom smelled powder fired in anger before, had kept me on deck the whole night, and it never once occurred to me to ask for him, until the old gunner spoke. I hastened down to our small confined berth, where I saw a sight that quickly brought me to myself. Poor Johnstone was indeed going; a grape-shot had struck him, and torn his belly open. There he lay in his bloody hammock on the deck, pale and motionless as if he had already departed, except a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, and a convulsive contraction and distension of his nostrils. His brown ringlets still clustered over his marble forehead, but they were drenched in the cold sweat of death. The surgeon could do nothing for him, and had left him; but our old captain—bless him for it—I little expected, from his usual crusty bearing, to find him so employed—had knelt by his side, and, whilst he read from the Prayer-book one of those beautiful petitions in our church service to Almighty God, for mercy to the passing soul of one so young, and so early cut off, the tears trickled down the old man's cheeks, and filled the furrows worn in them by the washing up of a many a salt spray. On the other side of his narrow bed, fomenting the rigid muscles of his neck and chest, sat Mistress Connolly, one of three women on board—a rough enough creature, Heaven knows! in common weather; but her stifled sobs shewed that the mournful sight had stirred up all the woman within her. She had opened the bosom of the poor boy's shirt, and untying the riband that fastened a small gold crucifix round his neck, she placed it in his cold hand. The young midshipman was of a respectable family in Limerick, her native place, and a Catholic—another strand of the cord that bound her to him. When the captain finished reading, he bent over the departed youth and kissed his cheek. 'Your

young messmate just now desired to see you Mr. Cringle; but it is too late, he is insensible and dying.' Whilst he spoke, a strong shiver passed through the boy's frame, his face became slightly convulsed—and all was over! The captain rose, and Connolly, with a delicacy of feeling which many might not have looked for in her situation, spread one of our clean mess table-cloths over the body. 'And is it really gone you are, my poor dear boy!' forgetting all difference of rank in the fulness of her heart. 'Who will tell this to your mother? and nobody here to wake you but old Kate Connolly, and no time will they be giving me, nor whisky—Ochon! ochon!'"

The interest excited by the perusal of *Tom Cringle's Log* is of three great varieties. First, that which flows from the delicate sketching of his pencil, such as the description of the three daughters of the rich burgher of Hamburg, with their long fair hair, blue eyes, and simple feminine deportment; that of the daughter of the captain of the merchantman, who was found behind a cloak on the sofa of the cabin, in vacant and speechless frenzy, with her black dishevelled tresses and wild aimless eyes, her straw bonnet with its green gauze veil, and her parasol hanging on a peg above her; or Maria, the child of Don Ricardo, dying away, tint by tint, like a summer evening, with her mystic death and watery burial.

Secondly, that which he creates by his delineation of sea scenes, of which, as a painter, he rivals Smollett himself; and, with the *naïveté* of Chamier and Maryatt, has far more than the truth of Cooper. Witness his sea-fights, that with the privateer, that with the pirate, and, beyond either, that with the slaver, and his delineations of Aaron Bang, Tree-nail, Deadeye, and Peter Mangrove. And, thirdly, from his views of West Indian scenery, society, and peculiarities. Probably the chief value of these volumes lies here,—certainly their principal originality does. Nothing can exceed in an interest engrossing though occasionally repulsive, the pictures of Jamaica and Cuba, with their planters and their negroes—their monstrous ideas of morality—their luxurious habits, united with inherent coarseness of perception and bluntness of feelings and manner—their tornadoes, and waterspouts, and thunder-storms, and hurricanes—their great palms, and luscious guavas, and chameleons, and lizards, and venomous serpents.

These we propose to illustrate by some concluding quotations.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THE literary character of the present volume is inferior to its predecessors. The poems do not average more than respectability, and respectability is, as Galt quaintly observes, "the zero of poetry." The tales are better; there is one very charming story sweetly and simply told, called "Mary Hamilton," by a niece of Miss Austen's—a picturesque romance of the Crusades, "The Old Man of the Mountains"—and one by the author of "The Collegians," which we like so much that we shall quote the conclusion. We must premise that the Raven's Nest is a fortress besieged by Lord Kildare, whose son is, however, in love with the daughter of their foe, the Geraldine. Sir Ulick has contrived, by means of a little skiff, to visit the maiden, alike unknown to friend or foe.

"One night as she sat in her window, looking out with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of

eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. The unclouded brightness of the moon, however, prevented the approach of the boat; and her suspense had reached a painful height, before the sky grew dark. At length a friendly cloud extended its veil beneath the face of the unwelcome satellite; and in a few minutes the plash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret of the arrival of the long-expected knight. A figure ascends the rock; the lattice is unbarred; there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick; but Thomas Butler, the *fidus Achates*, and only confidant of the youthful knight. 'What, Thomas, is it thou? Where is thy lord?' 'Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick!' 'How sayest thou?' 'He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason.' These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed by a sudden disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On reviving, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin. About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting at evening in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a private audience. It was granted; and the man averred that he had discovered the existence of a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow, that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest; and appointed a party to watch on the following night on the shore beside the cliffs for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him, the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent, and remained up to await the issue. Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance to the tent. The sentinel challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give any account of what his real motives were. After long endeavouring, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord Deputy addressed him, with a kindness which affected him more than his severity. 'I believe thee, Ulick,' he said; 'I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise; but thou hast thyself to blame.' A court was formed in the course of a few days, consisting of Kildare himself, as president, and a few of the Council, who were summoned for the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated; and Sir Ulick persisted in maintaining the same silence with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances, to acquit him; and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfilment of his dreadful vow. On the night after his sentence, his attendant, Thomas

Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon; and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worse for drawing his master's secret from him. Ulick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed, without further question. 'The Lords of Council,' he said, 'were as well aware of his services to the king's government as he could make them; and if those services were not sufficient to procure him credit in so slight a matter, he would take no further pains to earn it.' Disappointed and alarmed, on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the lady Margaret herself, and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood (for in those days, fair reader, the gentlemen wore hoods) over her head, she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed before sunrise. Having made fast the curragh in a secret place, they proceeded amongst crag and cove in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was screened by a group of alder and brushwood, which concealed it from the view, until the passenger approached its very brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms amongst the trees made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension. 'Run on before, good Thomas,' she exclaimed; 'delay thy horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approach who can give information of the whole.' The fetters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ankles of the young soldier, when his servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant Margaret appeared, close wrapt in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter the execution was delayed, while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy with intelligence of the interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords of Council. They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ulick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement. On arriving in the camp, the unknown informant entreated to be heard in private by the council. The request was granted; and Margaret, still closely veiled, was conducted to the hall in which the judges sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied:—'My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you bade the Geraldine to your court of Dublin, he was accompanied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ulick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his affection, and I am well assured that it was not unanswered. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before that most unhappy affray, which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ulick's hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith (mo-

destly, my lords), exchanged, always under favour of our—of the noble parents of the twin. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ulick were made to the Lady Margaret—that to no other individual of the castle were they known, and that no weightier converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak.' And what may be thy proof, stranger?' said the Lord Deputy, with a tenderness of voice which shewed the anxiety her tale excited in his mind. 'The word of Margaret Fitzgerald,' replied the witness, as she dropped the mantle from her shoulders. The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection. 'In truth, sweet kinswoman,' he said, 'thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it be so with all as it is with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword; and it shall go hard but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances that you deem the lady's tale a truth. Then summon Ulick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine, to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels.' The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy was fulfilled—that the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents—and that whenever afterwards, in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both."

We are warm admirers of Mary Howitt's writings in general; but we think that in one of her contributions this year she has carried simplicity to an excess that borders on silliness, not to say profanity: it is a translation from the German. A child has been accustomed to play in a grove where there is an image of the Virgin and Saviour, and he thus addresses them:—

"Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
'Oh, beautiful child Jesus,
Come down and play with me.
'I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down!'"

He dies soon after:—

"And thus he spoke in dying:
'Oh, mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A-coming down to me!
'And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries:
Dear mother, let me go!'"

Now, in the first place, a Christian child would early have been taught too much reverence for his Saviour to think of him as a playmate; and, secondly, on all sacred subjects we object to what is obviously exposed to ridicule. We would give no handle to the scoffer. The hawking song, by the same writer, is very spirited; and there are some sweet verses by Mr. Hollings.

Catiline; an Historical Tragedy, in Three Acts. By the Author of the "Indian Merchant," &c. pp. 39. London, 1833. Moore. AFTER the "Catilines" that have been done, and even if there never had been an attempt on the subject before, we must have said, that

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the only poetry and imagination belonging to this, is the coinage of new verbs, such as "to disinterest," "to lethargy," "to unequal," "to service," "to feeble," &c. &c. These occur in three "immane" pages, whatever that may "mane."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

M. A. VIGORS in the chair. — Twenty-two fellows were elected into the Society; upwards of 17,000 persons visited the gardens and museum during the month of September; and the balance declared in favour of the Society's affairs at the end of the same month was 840l. 8s. 8d. Part the first of a splendid new work, entitled, "A Monograph of the family of *Ramphastidae*, or Toucans," was presented by Mr. Gould. The report of the council touched on certain negotiations for the purchase of a giraffe, obtained at a considerable distance inland from the Cape of Good Hope; but as there is reason to believe that the arrangement has been frustrated by the death of the animal, which is reported to have taken place three days after the vessel bringing it sailed from the Cape, we need not here enter into the particulars. The vessel, however, has not yet arrived, nor has the captain written to the proprietors on the subject; and until information is received from him, the agreement for the purchase (if alive) still remains in force. The report further stated, that the remaining works would be completed in a month.

MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Rectory House, Timsbury.

SIR,—If you think the following circumstance, that came under my own observation, deserving a place in your valuable Gazette, you are perfectly at liberty to insert it. I remain, your faithful servant,

C. TRELAWNY COLLINS.

October 1, 1833, 3 P.M.; clear, bright, sunny afternoon; moon three days from the full; wind N.E.

On passing near Yealm Bridge, in Devonshire, my attention was suddenly drawn to an unusual number of swallows, which were careering around me at the height of forty or fifty feet. I stopped my carriage, and remarked to my companions, that there was something more than commonly extraordinary in the movements of these little birds; that they were certainly not seeking their food, but were training themselves for the day of migration. In an instant, as if by word of command, the stragglers all gathered into a narrower space, and then the whole body, collecting themselves into a close compact phalanx, with the greatest celerity, and with the ascending motion of the sky-lark, mounted perpendicularly. The atmosphere being very clear, we traced their ascension to an immense height, till at length they were lost to the eye, in the regions of immeasurable space.

The fact I have just related has not, I have reason to believe, been noticed before; it therefore presents a very interesting field of inquiry to the naturalist. For what purpose did these summer visitants, if on their journey to southern latitudes, commence their flight with the high N.E., soaring to such an extraordinary height? I hope I may be excused, if as a close observer of nature, and an ardent admirer of her wonderful phenomena, I venture to throw out a few conjectures. Coupling, then, the fact of the sudden ascension of these birds with their entire disappearance, it at once struck me as highly probable, that there may be a current of air in the higher regions of space, which, like the monsoons, or trade winds, may set regularly, at particular seasons, towards the same point, and that these little observers of the times and the seasons may have, in the present case, gone instinctively in search of such a friendly current, to carry them to their distant and warmer shore; and if so, can we not believe that the annual migration of the whole swallow tribe is regulated by the like process? The suddenness of the departure, the immense elevation of the flight, &c. very readily solves the hitherto inexplicable difficulty attending the migration of swallows—their being never seen in transitu from S. to N. It is true that very large flocks have sometimes suddenly alighted on the rigging of ships at sea, in a state of great exhaustion; but this seems rather to be the exception, than the rule itself, and arises from the mere accident of their being driven from their home by an adverse current, or a snow storm, or some other unfriendly power crossing their aerial path, and hurling them to the earth's surface. White, of Selborne, and other writers, have often observed very large flocks of swallows on the coast preparing for their flight, on the eve of a clear moonlight night; but they never

were so fortunate as to see them absolutely and finally take wing—and, therefore, the precise mode of their departure and return was always to them a matter of some mystery, at least of inquiry. Had they but witnessed the single fact I have just related, I feel assured it would have removed most of the difficulties which have ever attended the swallows' migrations; and they would no longer have been at a loss to account for their abrupt disappearance—the rapidity of their migratory flight—the unerring certainty with which their course is steered—their avoidance of observation during their actual passage—and many other difficulties of the same perplexing nature. I shall be glad of the opinion of more accurate and experienced physiologists.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

WESTERN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

ON the evenings of Thursday week and Thursday fortnight Dr. Epps delivered two lectures on Phenology, which appeared to afford his numerous hearers much interest and amusement; indeed, judging from the applause, and the attention with which he was listened to, we should think his efforts likely (though a sober study) to lead to an increase of bump-ers. Dr. Epps enlivened his lectures (which consisted, of course, of numerous heads) with many anecdotes and references to known characters. Joseph Hume's head was exhibited as displaying firmness, which was more than another head did, that unfortunately fell off the table; and the heads of Sir W. Scott and Mr. Jeffrey were said to exhibit "individuality large;" while an unfortunate tailor was alluded to who was so deficient of the organ of colour, that his wife was obliged to keep a sharp look out that he did not put the red linings of coat collars outside! We were also assured that Tories have "veneration large;" that the "Cumæan Sybil" in the *Æneid* must have had "veneration large;" and that Sparta's aiding his stick for a horse, to please his child, showed he had "philo-progenitiveness large." The lecturer concluded amidst great applause from a crowded, and consequently warmly interested, audience, who appeared very much headified.

On Saturday week, Mr. South also finished his course of lectures on Zoology; and though not so numerously attended as on the previous evenings, his auditors seemed as well pleased with this as his other lectures. Of the amusing stories related by Mr. South, the following is a specimen. A friend of his was one day walking through the Enclosure in St. James's Park, when his attention was attracted by a little boy, about eight years old, asking his brother, a lad about eighteen, "How is it that the ducks' feathers don't get wet, John?" "Oh, I can't tell," replied the other. Upon this, the gentleman said to the child, "It is owing to the ducks having little bags of oil under their wings, with which they continually anoint their feathers, and prevent them from getting wet." "Ah!" cried the boy's big brother, "and who supplies them with the oil—the proprietors, I suppose?"

FINE ARTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

[Third notice.]

No. 91. *Italian Female and Child*. R. Edmonstone. — As fine a specimen of Italian character and expression as No. 127, *The Gentle Reader*, H. Wyatt, is of English feminine beauty and grace.

No. 285. *Crab-trap on the Sands near Calais*. J. B. Pyne. — Allowing for the difference of scene and subject, the same character of style and execution is visible in this as in Mr. Pyne's former admirable performance, *The View of Chik-ton*. It is similar in sentiment, in opal-like

harmony of colouring, in broad and clear execution. No. 319. *View on the River Lynn, Devon*, by the same artist, fully establishes his claim to take an elevated rank in the landscape department of art.

No. 282. *The Pet Colt of the Common*. C. Hancock. — In simplicity and breadth of light and pencil, like the work we have just noticed. We consider this by no means a disadvantageous variety in the quality of Mr. Hancock's execution, which in some instances we have been led to consider a little hard and wiry—here altogether amended.

Among the pictures of familiar life, we think Mr. Kidd has shewn more than his usual skill, both in the choice of his subjects and in the solidity of his execution. No. 307, *Contemplating the Times*, is a clever example of the serio-comic; and No. 310, *Coast Scene*, is excellent as a study of nature.

No. 92, *the 18th of June*, and No. 234, *the 29th of May*, T. Clater, might have been placed with advantage in juxtaposition, as they both relate to our worthily-pensioned warriors; who, though crippled in limbs, have their tongues free, and can talk of their adventures, and triumph over past mishaps in present comfort. The first of these appears to be telling the fall of a comrade to a female, who receives the account with a tear in her eye and a glass in her hand: the second seems, by the aid of foreign spirits, to have raised his own to a pitch almost above proof. Both are executed with Mr. Clater's accustomed fidelity and talent.

No. 230. *A Portrait*. G. Lance. — We presume of the artist himself, who has so often merited and received our unqualified commendations, till, by his fruitful efforts, (among which Nos. 148 and 231, in the present exhibition, are not the least tempting specimens,) he has made us use up all our superlatives of eulogy; but at the same time has rendered his name alone a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of his productions, whenever and wherever they appear.

No. 297. *Scene on the Medway*. A. Priest. — Simple in its character, the subject is treated with originality of effect and with truth of execution. If the artist were in Scotland, however, he would suffer in ecclesiastical rank; for, instead of a priest, they would call him a deacon.*

No. 271. *Interesting News*. H. P. Parker. — Clear and luminous in its colouring, and no less excellent in its expression. The countenance of the old pensioner is finely lit up with joy in the anticipation of his country's triumph.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1834.

WHEN we state that these illustrations consist of twenty-one plates, engraved by W. Miller, R. Wallis, J. T. Wilmore, J. C. Varrall, J. Lewis, J. Cousen, R. Brandard, T. Jeavons, S. Fisher, J. B. Allen, and W. Floyd, from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, A.R.A., we need not add, that they furnish a delightful treat to the lovers of the fine arts. Although whatever Mr. Stanfield's pencil touches it adorns, he is perhaps most successful when his subject enables him to introduce the ocean in a state of commotion. For this reason, "Dieppe," "Trepport," "Fécamp," "Rocks of Etretat," and "Sea-View of Malo," are

* In Scotland, the title of the master of any incorporated company is deacon; hence, any person, eminent in his trade or profession, is familiarly termed "a deacon."

among the most striking in the collection. And yet, such a selection seems to do injustice to "Honfleur," "Abbeville," "Caen," "Harbour of St. Malo," and the several views of "Mont St. Michel;" than all of which, it is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful. With reference to the last-mentioned extraordinary and picturesque object, it is gratifying to read the announcement contained in the following note by Mr. Ritchie:

"When Mr. Stanfield returned, he told the author that he could not rest by night or day for thinking of this wonderful scene. His mind was somewhat composed after being safely delivered of the drawings which adorn this volume; but still, he saw that it was necessary fully to wreak

'His thought upon expression,'

before he could hope for entire tranquillity. He therefore proposed that the author should write a drama, founded on one of the thousand traditions of Saint-Michel, that he might have an opportunity of getting rid of a series of dioramic scenes with which his imagination was haunted. We agreed to this proposal, altogether manifestly against our own interest; for who will attach any importance to the literary part of a drama adorned by such scenery, from such a pencil !"

The Lady Edith Plantagenet dropping the Rosebud at the Feet of the Knight of the Leopard. (Vide the Talisman, Chap. IV.) Painted and engraved by John Mills. Ackermann and Co. A CLEVER mezzotint print. The female figures are graceful, and the misty effect of the partially illumined clouds of incense is well managed.

Views of the Principal Seats and Marine and Landscape Scenery in the Neighbourhood of Lymington. Drawn on stone by L. Haghe, from original Pictures taken on the spot by J. M. Gilbert, Marine Painter. Part IV. Lymington, Grove: London, Ackermann.

This clever and pleasing publication improves as it proceeds. In the present Part, "Newton Park," and "the Alarm winning the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Cowes," are especially beautiful.

Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury.

Nos. VI. VII. and VIII.

NINE more simple and pleasing etchings, and as many neat wood-cuts. It is impossible to read without indignation the following passage which occurs in the description of the "Bird's-eye View of the Cathedral, Chapter-House, and Cloisters," from a drawing by Mr. Cattermole :

"It may be noticed as a matter of much regret, that the Round Table, exhibited in the Chapter-House for five hundred years as that on which the labourers who constructed the beautiful fabric of Bishop Poore were paid their penny-a-day, has lately fallen a sacrifice to injudicious renovation. This was, perhaps, the most curious specimen of domestic furniture in England. But a few years ago it was as perfect as at the day when it was made; and, if allowed to stand untouched, might have lasted five centuries more, in a condition firm enough for all the purposes for which it was ever likely to be wanted."

The National Portrait Gallery. Parts LIII. and LIV. Fisher, Fisher, and Jackson. "THE Right Hon. E. G. Stanley," "the Right Rev. Shute Barrington, D.C.L.," "John Philip Kemble, Esq.," "Sir David Baird, Bart.," "Miss Anna-Maria Porter," and "John Hunter, F.R.S." are the subjects of these numbers.

The portrait of the late Bishop of Durham, from a bust by W. Behnes, and that of Miss Porter, from a drawing by Harlow, are two of the most striking. The copy of Sharp's celebrated print of John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, also does Mr. Adcock great credit.

Picturesque Views of the finest Gothic Cathedrals, Churches, and Monuments on the Banks of the Rhine, the Lahn, and the Maine. Drawn from nature by L. Lange, Architect; and on stone by M. Borum, and other artists of Munich. No. 1. Frankfort, C. Lingel; London, A. Schloss.

THE fine remains of the architecture of the middle ages, with which Germany abounds, have most of them been at various periods made the subject of the pencil and the graver. But the publications of this kind which have hitherto appeared have been either partial, or of so expensive a description as to be out of the reach of all but the opulent classes of society. The object of the work under our notice is stated to be to form "a collection devoted to the majority of the public; presenting in an agreeable form, and without entering too minutely into the details of the science, the most important of those ancient edifices which, as well by their beauty as by their situation, are deserving of public interest." In seven or eight numbers, each containing six large views and two vignettes, it is conceived that this object will be obtained. Every view is to be accompanied by a description, in German and French. The specimens before us are executed in a very pleasing and satisfactory style.

Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Part II. Tilt.

"RHYMER's Tower," from a drawing by S. Austin; "Roslin," from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; "Braid Hills," from a drawing by A. W. Calcott, R.A.; "Brig of Bracklin," from a drawing by C. Bentley; and "Matilda," from a drawing by Mrs. Carpenter—are the subjects of these illustrations. The landscapes are picturesque and well executed; but our admiration is chiefly excited by Mrs. Carpenter's charming female head. It reminds us of Miss O'Neil, or rather, perhaps, of Miss O'Neil's style of acting—beautiful, tender, and warm; but perfectly pure wical.

The Last Supper of Mary, Queen of Scots.
Painted by A. Colin; engraved by G. H.
Phillips.

THE publication of an historical print of even a tolerable size is now, unhappily, so rare an occurrence, that we hail with much pleasure the appearance of that under our notice; especially as we can speak of it with great approbation. The works of Mr. Colin have on several occasions been mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* with the praise which they deserved; but we think this his *chef-d'œuvre*. It represents the beautiful and ill-starred princess, on the evening before her execution, seated at a table partaking of her last social enjoyment, and surrounded by her faithful and deeply-afflicted attendants. The composition is varied and good, the sentiment is well preserved throughout, and the effect is rich and powerful. Of the original picture the history is curious. It was torn from the walls of the Tuileries during the *glorious* three days; and was afterwards sold by the direction of the Mayor of Paris, to indemnify the city for a book of drawings of butterflies belonging to it, which the Duke de Bordeaux had taken away with him. The present possessor offered to restore it to the family without pay-

ment, but they declined to receive it. It was a favourite with the royal family of France; probably from the associations connected with the scene.

A Series of Heads after the Antique; drawn and executed on Stone by Benjamin Richard Green. No. 2. Rowney and Co.

THE second number of a useful publication, of which we noticed the first number on its appearance. It contains the heads of Minerva, Mercury, Venus, and Cupid. The execution is a little hard; but, as examples for students, that is a much less fault than indistinct softness would have been.

New Hungerford Market, on the day of its opening. Drawn by R. W. Billings; on Stone by J. S. Templeton.

A "trifle light as air;"—the better suited to the representation of the ascent of a balloon.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LATE RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

THE late Richard Heber, Esq., the disposition of whose vast and valuable library is at present so much an object of speculation, was descended from the ancient family of Heber, of Marton Hall, in Craven. His father was the Rev. Reginald Heber, who succeeded to the family estate on the decease of his elder brother. Mr. Heber was born in Westminster, on the 5th of January, 1773; and after the usual course of school education, he proceeded to the University of Oxford, and was entered at Brasenose College. Here he cultivated assiduously an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin Classics, and acquired that taste for them which accompanied him through life, and which was the means of his acquiring the friendship of Porson, the late Dr. Burney, and other eminent scholars of the day.

His social qualities and agreeable conversation occasioned his society being much courted during his stay at Oxford; and the numerous and valuable connexions he formed there led to his afterwards having the honour of representing the University in Parliament. Here, too, it was that he laid the foundation of his extensive collection; but at this time his views were limited to the forming of a classical library, with the addition of critical works, and the modern Latin poets; for whose writings he entertained to the last a decided predilection.

During his stay at the University, he formed the design of editing such of the Latin poets as were not printed in Barbon's collection; in pursuance of which, he published "*Silius Italicus*," in two volumes, in 1792. It is characterised as being a well-executed and useful impression. "*Claudian*" was printed the same year, but has not been published.

The School for illustrating the Works of Shakespeare and other English Authors, from the works of contemporary writers—at the head of which were the Wartons, George Stevens, Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, Mr. Malone, and other eminent scholars—occupied, at the time Mr. Heber entered life, a distinguished rank in English literature. From the writings of these gentlemen, and his acquaintance with many of them, he imbibed a taste for old English literature; and this, joined to his natural love for the drama, led him to form collections of our ancient poets and dramatic writers. His commencement was, however, sufficiently humble. Being in the habit of making occasional visits to the metropolis, for the purpose of attending the book-sales, to purchase classics, he was struck with the high

prices which he saw given for old English books; and having one day accidentally met with a little volume, called "The Vallie of Varietie," by Henry Peacham, he took it to the late Mr. Bindley, of the Stamp Office, a celebrated collector, and asked him, "If that was not a curious book?" Mr. Bindley, after looking at it, answered, "Yes: not very—but rather a curious book." Such was the beginning of Mr. Heber's collection of ancient English literature; a collection which for extent and richness has never been equalled, and never can be surpassed.

In the year 1804 he succeeded, on the death of his father, to the estates in Yorkshire and Shropshire, which he augmented by purchase, and considerably improved. The following year he offered himself as representative for the University, and was opposed by the Right Hon. Charles Abbott, afterwards Lord Colchester, who carried the election against him.

Mr. Heber's station in life, his gentlemanly manners, literary acquirements, and agreeable conversation, caused his society to be courted at this time by all ranks; and few men could boast so extensive and valuable a circle of friends and acquaintances, among whom were many of the statesmen, wits, and chief literary and scientific characters of the day. The best testimony, however, to the estimation in which he was held is contained in the beautiful lines addressed to him by Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to the sixth canto of his "Marmion," where, with his usual discriminating mind, he has so happily alluded to Mr. Heber's literary pursuits and social habits.

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

How just that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
Were 'pretty fellows in their day';
But time and tide o'er all prevail—
On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—
Of wonder and of war—Profane I
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms;
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjuror and ghost,
Goblin and witch!—Nay, Heber, dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear,
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more.

But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can review
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfered gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can, like the owner's self, enjoy them?
But, hark! I hear the distant drum:
The day of Flodden field is come.
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth."

Sir Walter has also, in other of his works, mentioned Mr. Heber; and on the publication of each of the Waverley novels, that gentleman never missed finding a copy on his table. Dr. Ferriar also addressed an elegant poetical epistle to Mr. Heber, which will be found attached to the last edition of his amusing work, "Illustrations of Sterne;" and Mr. Adolphus addressed to him his series of letters on the

authorship of the Waverley novels. Indeed, to mention the names of the authors who have acknowledged his assistance in throwing open to them his literary stores, or communicating information, would be to enumerate most of the celebrated writers of the last thirty years. Several literary works of merit owe their origin entirely to his suggestions; and, singular to say, both the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are said to be indebted to Mr. Heber as their originator.

Soon after the peace in 1815, Mr. Heber went on the continent, visiting France, Belgium, and the Netherlands; adding to his literary treasury, and acquiring during his stay the friendship of many eminent literary characters, who were charmed with his agreeable manners and boundless information on every topic of elegant literature. In the year 1818 he was one of the persons whose opinion was taken by the committee appointed by the House of Commons relative to the purchase of Dr. Burney's library. In the year 1821, there being a vacancy in the representation of the University of Oxford, he again came forward as a candidate. His wide circle of friends, and the great interest made for him, would at once have secured his return, but the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation being at that time greatly agitated, many members of the University considered themselves bound to elect such a member as they were assured would withhold further concessions to the Roman Catholics; and as Mr. Heber, either from not having made up his mind on a question of such vast political importance, or from want of courage to declare a decided opinion, had not expressed himself so strongly on the subject as they required, these gentlemen either refrained from voting, or voted for his opponent. On the second day of the election, which was very severely contested, Mr. Heber's committee issued a paper, containing his sentiments on the subject of Catholic Emancipation; which being satisfactory to the major part of the gentlemen of the University, he had the honour of being returned as member—attaining thereby the great object of his ambition. The same year he served the office of sheriff of Shropshire. It was about this time also that he was engaged in founding the Athenæum Club; besides which, he was member of several other literary Societies;—indeed, to use the phrase of Dr. Johnson, "He was an excellent clubber."

Mr. Heber's conduct in parliament was by no means answerable to the expectations of many of his constituents, as on no occasion did he venture to speak in the house, though constant in his attendance, and frequently engaged on committees. His silence was considered as the more remarkable by his friends, from his known powers and the fluency of his private conversation. It is most probable that his not having attempted public speaking in early life occasioned his being diffident of making the attempt at this time: but whatever cause it arose from, it was made the subject of newspaper remark, and several ill-natured paragraphs appeared from time to time on the subject. The annoyance he suffered on this head is supposed, together with other circumstances to which we need not refer, to have led to the vacating his seat, which he did in the year 1826. He had quitted England in the preceding year for the continent, and prolonged his stay for several years, during which he was occupied in the increasing of his library; keeping up at the same time, through his agent in London, his intercourse with the sale-rooms in England, so as to let nothing escape him.

In the year 1831 he returned to England, but not into society; living, with the exception of his visits to the auction-rooms and booksellers' shops, entirely secluded among his books. His constitution, from his free manner of living, had become greatly impaired, and his friends saw with anxiety his health suffering those changes which he either did not, or would not, see himself. During the last six weeks of his life, his decline was very rapid, and he did not take that care of himself which his delicate state required. Even in the last week of his life he was imprudent enough to venture out in the night air, against the kind remonstrances of his attendants. This accelerated the progress of his disorder—an attack on the lungs, attended with great difficulty in breathing, and jaundice; and hastened his dissolution, which took place at his house at Pimlico, at half-past nine o'clock on Friday morning, Oct. 4. He retained his faculties to the last, and died engaged in endeavouring to add to the extent of his literary treasures.

Mr. Heber was tall and well made; and, till his health was impaired by his free living, had the appearance of a person likely to live to an advanced age. In person and features he was not unlike his brother, the late Bishop of Calcutta, as represented in the large mezzotinto print of him. His address and manners were extremely courteous and gentlemanly. His cheerfulness and the charms of his conversation, which he knew well to adapt to please all ranks and ages, and supplied with a fund of amusing anecdote, rendered him a most acceptable and delightful companion. In addition to the Greek and Latin, he acquired the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French languages; and had also some knowledge of the German. Besides the editions of "Silvius Italicus," and "Claudian," already noticed, he superintended the publication of the third edition of "Ellis's Specimens of the English Poets," which he remodelled and greatly improved. He also published an edition of Brewster's Translation of Persius, with the Latin text. These constitute, so far as is known, the extent of his literary labours; but he has left behind him a vast monument of his industry, in the catalogue and collections of a great portion of his library. His love of the drama has been already noticed. When in London, he was a frequent visitor of the theatres. His dramatic collection forms a valuable portion of his library. In early life he was a keen sportsman; and he also devoted some of his time to agricultural pursuits, in which he took great delight.

But it was from his library that he derived the great source of his pleasure; and to the enlargement and improvement of which he latterly devoted the whole of his time and fortune. Of the contents of this, we purpose giving an account in our next number, when the disposition of his property will probably be known.

Mr. Heber was never married. His father had by a second marriage three children, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, the Rev. Thomas Heber, died in 1813; he is spoken of by his college contemporaries as having been a young man of very promising parts. Reginald Heber, the late lamented Bishop of Calcutta, is so well known to the public as to render any farther mention of him unnecessary. The daughter was married to—Cholmondeley, Esq., and is now a widow. The Bishop of Calcutta left three children, all daughters; and Mrs. Cholmondeley has by her late husband several sons.

The disposition of Mr. Heber's property is

at present not certainly known; but from his partiality to the University of Oxford, it was supposed that he would bequeath his books to the Bodleian Library.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES. NO. X.

Wilkes to Suard.

London, Friday, March 11, 1768.

By the eternal God I am out-law'd, exiled, and proscribed here—not when I was among you. If it was not for Miss Wilkes, I should die of rage and the spleen; for, my dear Suard, ever since my arrival, I have had no ray of joy, no gleam of sunshine, but in my dear girl's company. I have passed some dreary weeks, dull and inactive, both from pleasure and business. Now I sacrifice to ambition.

Yesterday our Parliament was prorogued, and tomorrow it will be dissolved by proclamation. I am candidate for the City. I have written a letter to the King, asking my pardon, which you shall soon have. It is a curiosity—to a King, remember, of England, and from Mr. Wilkes.

The *Capias ut legatum* is actually issued, and I am threatened with its being executed on or before next Wednesday when the City Election comes on, and I will in person appear at Guild Hall on the Hustings. *Il paria beau-coup selon le génie de sa nation*, says Voltaire of Lord Staire: one Lewis Mendez has 3000 guineas depending on the success of my election.

My address you will see in the public prints, and my letter to the King very soon. It is a model of address to Kings. We two shall soon be good friends or cruel enemies.

I enclose you the extraordinary number of the Political Register; and to make you amends for the trash it contains of mine, I send you the elegant Poems of Mr. Gray.

I write this from my charming lodgings near the Park, where I saw Proquez. My next may be from the Tower, or Newgate, or the Counter. It is much the same, for I shall be the same—*Est hic, est Ulubris*.

Continue to love, my dearest Suard, one who loves and esteems you; and present a thousand compliments from Miss Wilkes and me to your charming wife.

Adieu—to night I lie in the City, if it please the Lord; tomorrow he knows better than I where, but I intend in the midst of my worthy brother Citizens.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MSS.

IN our review of the sixth volume of the new edition of Sir W. Scott's Poetical Works (*Lit. Gaz.*, No. 872), we, repeating the editor's advertisement, expressed our regret that the original MS. of his first great poem, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, had not been preserved, as we were thus denied the advantage of comparing throughout the author's various readings; which, in the case of *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, the *Lord of the Isles*, &c., are often highly instructive.

But though much of this regret is irretrievable, we have been enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to examine the only portion of this interesting MS. which escaped the destruction of the printing-house; and is now, among many other literary curiosities, in the possession of Mr. Owen Rees. It comprehends the introduction to the *Lay*, and the first nine stanzas; some notes, and the introduction to the *Wild Huntsman*. The whole is written

in a fair and very legible hand, with very few alterations or corrections; and seems as if poured out, as we believe it was, freely from a mind in which long premeditation had perfected both theme and verse. We shall now proceed to notice the different readings. The printed dedication runs, "To the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Dalkeith, this poem is inscribed by the author;" in the MS. it is inscribed to the same nobleman, but called "this romance," and the words added, "in testimony of sincere respect and regard." In the opening, line 5, "The border [apparently] harp his only joy," is altered to "The harp his sole remaining joy;" but it will be better to note, as we can, the original and the familiar alterations.

No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay
The unprepared lay,

was

No longer courted and caressed,
He sought the hall a welcome guest,
And poured, to lord and lady gay,
The improvisatory's lay.

Newark tower, which

Never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor,

was

Never closed the iron door
Against the wanderer, tired and poor.

The prelude to the lay,

Which marks security to please,

was

Which marks the bard secure to please.

The words "according glee" was "once (something, for we cannot make out the erasure) glee;" and "he never sought to sing again," was "to have sung again;" and these are all the corrections in this touching prelude. We now come to the *Lay* itself. First stanza:

Jesu Maria, shield us well,

was "guard us well"—a line alluded to by Scott, in his account of his first attempt being shewn to his friends, W. Erskine and George Cranston, as softened from Coleridge's "Mary Mother, shield us well." See preface to the new edition, p. 27.

Stanza iii.:

Brought them their steeds to bower from stall,

was

them
Brought A their steeds from bower to stall.

And,

They were all knights of mettle true,

was

They were all knights of prize enow.

In stanza v. the word "moe" is altered to "more;" and stanza vi. gives us:

Why watch these warriors armed by night?

for

Why do these warriors armed by night?

Some other place had been put first for Warkworth.

In stanza viii. Scott has struck out the spelling "stanch," to write it "staunch;" but the printers in our day will not stand that superfluous *u*, and it is, in type, stanch again.

In the last stanza we have some nicer corrections:

The ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear,

was

The ladye dropp'd nor sigh nor tear.

And in the next line another manifest improvement is made, when we read,

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,

instead of

Deep-brooding vengeance for the slain.

This brief memoranda are not of great importance; but as they are all that can now be rescued from the first beginning of a mighty

genius, we are sure they will possess sufficient interest for the literary world. We may notice from a private source, that *Marmion*, except the concluding portion, was, like the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, written off *currente calamo*.

DRAMA.

CRITICISM having been rendered almost unnecessary, we might adopt, for the nonce, a *Dramatic Register*; such, for example, as *Covent Garden*.—Ending of last week:

Puffed Twelfth Night repeated,
And the audience cheated.
Alexander the Great,
A play the public hate;
Alexander Mr. King,
Any thing, so the thing,
Saturday no play;
And a crowd at the Hay-
Market, where Uncle John
And the Steward brightly shone.
Monday *Der Freischütz*,
So poor met with *hoots*.

Drury Lane.

The Knight and the Wood Dæmon,
The drama a lame-unc.

But it is better, perhaps, to go on in the old prosing way.

The Ferry and the Mill, a melo-drama by Mr. Pocock, the music by A. Lee, and the scenery by Messrs. Grieves—a striking and interesting tale, well enacted, and with a most dashing finale—met with such success as to warrant the expectation that it will run till the Christmas holidays. H. Phillips strengthened the cast of *Der Freischütz*.

At Drury Lane *The Stranger*, *Henry VIII.* *Henry IV.* and *Werner*, have enabled us to see Macready in the *Stranger*, *Wolsey*, *Henry IV.* and *Werner*, in all of which, especially in the last, he has displayed transcendent ability. Mrs. Sloman was the *Mrs. Haller* and *Katherine*, Miss E. Phillips the *Lady Percy* and *Ida*; on which we have nothing to remark. In the bills of *Werner*, Mr. King was announced as *Ulric*, being whimsically enough put in italics as a novelty, as "his first appearance at this theatre;" and a young lady is injudiciously advertised as of "great musical promise." Why not suffer the public to find out the talents of actors? Why prejudice their *débuts* by exciting too high expectations?

Having, so far as the season has gone, seen the unfavourable view we took of its opening, as a spiritless monopoly, fully confirmed, we shall copy a few remarks from the *Morning Herald* of Tuesday, to shew how entirely one of the most honest and intelligent critics of the daily press has proved for us that our opinions were simply just, impartial, and founded on fair observation.

"*Henry the Eighth* was performed here last night, but not in a manner that denoted a great deal of preparatory care. This has been too much the case with the old dramas, which have been brought out so crowdedly, and with rather more ostentation than judgment, at this house since the commencement of the season. With the exception of Mr. Macready's, they have not had any support above mediocrity. In former times, they were better cast in their more important characters, while in their details they were at least as well got up as at present. This is not what we had a right to anticipate from the combined patents of the two great theatres. Under the new monopoly system it was to be expected that the amount of the *corps dramatique* at both houses would be reduced, but that the smaller band, with the consequence annexed, should be most select—should be as the sound grain, when the win-

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nowing had carried off the chaff. We had reason to expect also, that in all the appliances of the drama—dressing, scenery, pageantry, stage grouping, and so forth—greater zeal than had been of yore would be exercised to sustain the efforts of the élite performers. In a word, we had hoped that, if any good could flow from a union so contrary to the policy of having rival theatres, it would be in this, that the extravagance enforced by opposition might be corrected, and that a judicious economy, cutting down the expense of double companies, would give to the public one as perfect as could be had for the different departments of the drama; and also that, in making the properties and subalterns of both theatres available to either, the business of each would, by skilful distribution, be done in an unprecedentedly complete manner. We have been disappointed in our anticipations. We find pieces got up in as common-place a style as ever, while the general merits of their *dramatis personæ* have been inferior. Last night there were such numerous aberrations from the acting text of the play, that it was clear much time had not been dedicated to a due acquaintance with it. Macready's *Cardinal Wolsey* was the only performance of note in the piece.*

Haymarket.—The *Steward and Uncle John*, with well-executed operas, remind us of the best days of this favourite theatre. *Uncle John* is altogether one of the best-acted farces ever witnessed upon any stage;—a great treat.

The Adelphi.—Another novelty, called *P.P., or the Man and the Tiger*, has been added to the successful list of this house. It is a laughable extravaganza, and laughably supported by Yates, Reeve, &c.

The Victoria.—Mr. Knowles in *William Tell*, Warde in *Triboulet*, and *Margaret's Ghost*, have filled this theatre nightly with full audiences.

VARIETIES.

A New Island in lat. 14° 46' N., long. 169° 18' E. has been discovered by the American brig *Bolivar*, and named *Farnham's Island*. This new speck in the Pacific is about six miles in length, with a reef running about ten miles from its western extremity.

Irish Acts of Parliament.—A Mr. Montgomery, of Belfast, has, according to the newspapers, in searching for other documents, found the Irish Acts of Parliament, from 1639 to 1662, in the Hanaper Office.

Greek Sculpture.—M. de Saint Sauveur, French consul at Salonichi, has sent to the king several ancient Greek marbles, discovered on the site of the ancient cities of Macedonia, and which, by his majesty's orders, are placed in the Museum. They consist of heads of divinities and kings; monuments, adorned with bas-reliefs and inscriptions; a colossal bust, presumed to be that of Perseus, the last King

of Macedon; and a statue of Diana, above the size of life. The two latter are said to be remarkable, and their execution to prove that they are of the flourishing period of Greek sculpture.

Signor Masoni, whose musical career in other hemispheres has made him so famous, will, it is hoped, enable the English public to judge whether an Italian talent, cultivated in Brazil and India, can compete on the violin with the execution of a Paganini, a Mori, or a De Beriot. Signor M. was for eight or ten years principal musician to the Emperor of the Brazils; and has since, for several years, delighted our countrymen at Calcutta. He is now upon the greater stage, London; and his friends and admirers write to us, that they court any trial which can be made of his extraordinary powers.

Magic Panorama.—Under this name, half-a-dozen of the optical illusions we have more than once described, and which seem capable of infinite grotesque and amusing variation, have been published by M'Lean. They are very droll, the figures leaping through hoops, swinging, pumping, &c. &c.; and the toy altogether affords a laughable half-hour's entertainment for a social party.

American Antiquities.—A German merchant residing at Valparaiso, in Chili, and who has a taste for scientific researches, has employed a very intelligent Danish seaman, named Kenos, to explore some of the wild and unfrequented parts of the Indian territory, where, probably, no European traveller ever set his foot before. We are informed that this man has made very surprising discoveries. For instance, in the Andes of Chillón, he has found a plain covered, to a great extent, with the ruins of a considerable city. As the present race of Indians in Chili have always been nomades, and as the Incas were never able firmly to establish their power in this country, this city must have been built and inhabited by a civilised people, who have since disappeared. We know that in other parts of America there are evident traces of civilisation, of which no remains are to be found among the Indians who now inhabit those countries.

Increasing Productiveness of the Gold and Platina Mines in the Ural Mountains.—According to the official account published at St. Petersburg last month, the quantity of gold and platina obtained during the first three months of the present year, was: Gold—from the mines belonging to the crown, 75 poods, 15 lbs., 34½ zolotniks; from the mines belonging to private persons, 105 poods, 3 lbs., 32 zol.; total, 180 poods, 18 lbs., 66½ zol. Platina—from the mines of the crown, 2 lbs., 54½ zol.; from the mines belonging to private persons, 80 poods, 13 lbs., 91½ zol.; total, 80 poods, 16 lbs., 46½ zol. Of the latter, 79 poods, 2 lbs. were procured in the mines of Nyre Tabel, belonging to the heirs of the privy counsellor Demidoff, in whose possession are the three largest masses of native platina yet found; one of them was obtained on the 18th of March 1831, and the two others in March 1832. Their respective weights are 19 lbs. 53 zol.; 19 lbs. 18 zol.; 13 lbs. 53 zol. A pood is 40 lbs. Russian, or 36 lbs. English weight. The quantity of gold found in the first quarter of 1833 was therefore 6500 lbs.; and a pound of gold being 504 sterling, the value was 325,000l.

Steam Improvements.—M. Wronski, a celebrated mathematician, has, according to the Paris papers, discovered a new system of applying steam to carriages, ploughs, &c. so superior

* 100 zolotniks to a pound.

to any thing hitherto known, that a French company has bought his patent for four millions of francs.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Narrative of a Tour in the United States, British America, and Mexico, to the Mines of Real del Monte, Cuba, &c. by H. Tudor, Esq.

Homeri Ilias, cum brevi Annotatione, curante C. G. Heyne. Editio nova, sedulo recensita.

Mr. Curtis is preparing for publication a new Map of the Eye, after the manner of the Germans, and a Synoptical Chart of the various Diseases of the Eye, as a companion to his Map and Chart of the Ear.

Dr. Ramadge has in the press a work on the Cure of Consumption, in which a remarkable theory is maintained on the results of his great experience.

The Book of Science, a familiar introduction to the principles of Natural Philosophy, with wood engraving.

A revised edition of the Analysis of the Constitution of the East India Company and of the Indian Governments, &c. under the new Charter.

An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, &c. discovered in Great Britain, by Thomas Moule.

The Book of the Dveiling, an Exposition, with Notes. In the press, the Doctor, &c.

Mr. Brady, late of the Stamp Office, has announced a Summary of the Stamp Duties, alphabetically arranged; comprising the duties payable under all the Stamp Acts now in force, with the most recent alterations, &c.

Mr. Schloss has forwarded to us a German prospectus of a work, two volumes of which are published, entitled the "Correspondence of Goethe and Zelter;" the latter a musician of eminence, and a great friend of Goethe's. The work is to form six large octavo volumes, to appear by pairs at Berlin (after the pair just published,) next New Year's Day and Michaelmas, 1833. Its bids fair to be very interesting.

Lots of new periodicals continue to start up almost hourly, and resemble each other so much, in scissors-and-pate productiveness, that it is not worth while to distinguish the varieties. The National Magazine is like the Penny Magazine: the Monthly Exact Book, by E. G. Wakefield, is an illustration from Flanders of the inexpediency of Capital Punishments. We have Nov. I. II. III. of the Hobart-Town Magazine (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.), and thus see that a similar spirit is spreading over Australia. Chronicles and Reviews have also appeared there; and the press triumphs, just as at home, on "the spread of literature."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ellis's British Tariff for 1833-4, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—A History of Croydon, by G. Stead, 8vo. 18s. 2s.—Croch's Elements of Musical Composition, 2d edition, 4to. 12s. cloth.—New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir, edited by Mrs. A. A. Watts, fcp. 8vo. 8s. bd.—Fac-Simile of Washington's Accounts during the American Revolution, folio, 21s. cloth.—Morgan's Housekeeper's Daily Account-Book, 4to. 1s. 9d. sewed.—Affection's Gift for 1834, 32mo. 3s. silk.—Evans's Nine Sermons on the Trinity, 8vo. 8s. cloth.—Illustrations of the Surgical Anatomy of Inguinal and Femoral Hernia, by W. Bloxam, with coloured mechanical Plates, folio, 10s. 6d. sewed.—Dieffenbach's Surgical Observations on the Nose, translated by Buchanan, 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Real Property Acts, with Notes by L. Shelford, Esq. 12mo. 7s. bds.; Ditto, by T. Atkinson, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Law Amendment Act, by W. Theobald, 12mo. 2s. sewed; 2s. 6d. bd.—The Young Groom's Guide and Valet's Directory, by J. Weal, 12mo. 4s.—Hints upon Tints, with Strokes upon Copper and Canvas, by H. Warren, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Christian Ethics, being selections from Bp. Sanderson, 32mo. 2s. silk.—Instructive Narrations, No. I. Selections from the Writings of Jung Stilling, translated by S. Jackson, 32mo. 1s. cloth.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. XIII. and XIV. History of Arabia, by A. Crichton, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. cloth.—Showell's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 4to. 2s. sewed.—Pictorial History of the Bible, 4to. 21s. cloth; 25s. silk; 26s. morocco.—Illustrations of the Botany, &c. of the Himalaya Mountains, by F. Royle, Part I. royal 4to. 1s. sewed.—Toilet of Health, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Memoirs of Pellico, 2d edition, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Conchologist's Companion, 2d edition, 18mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.—Des Cartes's France, new edition, 7s. shewn.—Cabinet Lawyer, 8th edition, 8s. cloth.—London Practice of Midwifery, new edition, 6s. 6d. bds.—Counter Hints, in reply to "The Hints" of Geo. Farren, Esq. by Thomas Nimmo, 8vo. 1s. sewed.—Bellamy's New Translation of the Bible, 4to. Part V. 16s. sewed.—Alfred Croquill's Portfolio, 3s. 6d. coloured; 2s. 6d. plain.—Howitt's History of Priestcraft, 2d edition, including his Vindication, 18mo. 5s. 6d. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The account and analysis of Capt. Row's Expedition (the most interesting topic of the day), and the sketch of Mr. Heber, who so encroached upon our limits that we must defer many correspondents for a week. To some, private communications will be sent.

By a letter from Mr. Corbux, we are informed that that gentleman, whose volume we reviewed in our last, is not, as we supposed, a foreigner, but a native of Winchester, in Sussex. We should be extremely sorry to hurt the interests or the feelings of any man by propagating an error concerning him.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Faculty of

Arts. The Classes will meet after the Vacation, on Friday, the 1st of November, when the Rev. Dr. Ritchie will commence the Business of the Session, by a Lecture introductory to his Courses.

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 (To commence 1st of April.)

Geology—Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley (to commence middle of May).
 Political Economy—Professor J. R. McCulloch, Esq. (to commence 1st February).

The Junior Students meet on the 1st of October.
 Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University, and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookseller, 30, Upper Gower Street.
 THOMAS COATES, Secretary.
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